

CANADA IN 1871;

OR

OUR EMPIRE IN THE WEST.

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THERE is often in young nations, as in children, a faith which is most lovely; an absence of doubt and fear which may violate all the laws of logic, and yet tend to build up and strengthen the Commonwealth.

Of all that I saw in Canada, in 1871, since I last had the honour of addressing you on this subject, nothing struck me so much as the unmistakeable growth of a nationality out of the colonial chrysalis, and with this growth the existence of that faith and hope, which are at once the characteristics and the main-spring of a young country's progress.

There can be no doubt that our system of Crown Colonies was evil in its effects; it was that worst form of Government, in that it sought to govern too much; and it was administered too frequently by hands which were unfitted even to govern a little. It enervated the colonists at the same moment that it made them discontented; it failed to inspire gratitude,

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while it succeeded in creating an incessant clamour for assistance and favour.

With the introduction of the system of self-government arose a sense of independence, accompanied by a warm feeling of loyalty. This grew in an inverse proportion to the age of the colony; and in Canada, one of our oldest possessions, and saturated with the old Colonial Office notions, the feeling of nationality was longer in making its appearance than in colonies less fortunate in the way of national advantages.

But it *has* come: and in no part of our Empire, in the year 1871, did the sun shine on more manly independence or more unswerving loyalty.

During my recent visit to that country, I had the privilege of addressing the colonists on the relations of England and her colonies. I urged upon them that their national career was a great experiment; that while we in this old country had reached the stage when we could offer our history to the world to read, it was for them to *make* history.

This duty may be more grave, more responsible; but no one can examine the social state of England without envying those who have to perform it.

For in a young country the battle which goes on is one of *construction*; in nearly every old country it is one of *destruction*. The motto

of reformers here is "Whatever is, is wrong ;" and change is the god before whom they fall down and worship. The history, the memories, the sentiment which should cling like ivy to the long-tried institutions of a country, are as nothing in the eyes of men to whom pre-eminence of wealth or talent is distasteful, and who pine for an equality which should drag every man down, nor raise a single creature higher.

And it is when studying such pictures as this that the most sanguine among us gets despondent. One begins to long for the life in a young community which is too strong and too pure to admit of the blotches which stain the skin of an old, a luxurious, and a pauper-swarming country. Or one begins to think wearily—have you not all often done so? "Is history bound to repeat itself? Can no advance in knowledge, in science, in religion, save an old and wealthy kingdom from the destructive elements contained in its own bosom? Can no constitution be devised so elastic as to contain elements of incessant progress without those of inevitable dissolution?"

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

And yet if it lingers in reaching our statesmen's ears, it is crying aloud in our streets. And the remedy for all our social evils and nearly all our political, is as simple as true

wisdom always is: it is, in a word, "Elbow-room." Instead of trying to remove or hide each particular stain or eruption on the body politic, let us get at the source of the disease; instead of throwing every year a fresh sop to popular discontent which only whets it and makes it more ravenous, let us avail ourselves of our dependencies to lessen the pauperism in our streets, and by giving our poor property of their own, we shall teach them to respect its rights in others.

Those demagogues, who in the excitement of their easy-got applause, forget that while they are fiddling, Rome is burning, could not live in the clear oxygen of popular contentment, such as would follow a judicious substitution of colonial comfort for poverty at home. The man who has remunerative work, or a few acres of his own, or bright prospects before him, would never listen to those, who like vultures, crowd the air when the carrion of popular discontent is visible. And we have in our Empire, above all we have in our Empire in the West, the means of creating such a change in England as would rob these howlers of their occupation for ever.

On every farm, on every railroad, in every town I entered in the dominion of Canada, I heard the same cry "More men! more men!" while here in our grinding poor-rates, our

crowded workhouses and gaols, and our beggar-swarming streets, I hear the cry "Too many men! too many men! Men to murder! men to steal! men to die of hunger in broad day while their fellows look on!" And yet we will not feed the want of the one with the surplus of the other! It is with no party spirit, but with a feeling of what I think may be called righteous impatience, that I have to remind you, that statesmen who did not require precedent, in abolishing a church when they thought it right to do so, stated as a reason for refusing Government aid to emigration that there was no precedent for such a course.

So that now, our vestries instead of saving our poor by emigration, following the Government lead, starve them with insufficient food; and it is left to a few whose hearts are too gentle to bear the sight of dying men, and too manly to tolerate the idea of idle ones, to send by individual exertions an occasional shipload, where a Government might send a fleet.

Now, listen, I pray you, to what I saw awaiting the emigrant on landing in Canada, and let me commence with an illustration. In one mining district in the maritime provinces, which I visited shortly after my arrival, I made inquiries as to the prospects which would await a man there. The mines are worked by a Company, which owns an immense tract of the

surrounding country, and the manager told me that if any one would send out families to settle there, the Company had ten thousand acres of land which they would give to them for nothing, besides full and constant work, at a remuneration three or four times what they could earn at home. For the use of their workmen, the Company pays a resident doctor; churches have been built; a stage coach runs daily through the district; a loop of the Intercolonial Railway will soon be finished, and will be within a very few miles; the land which would be given to the settlers is good; there is fuel in abundance; and the scenery is beautiful. Now this place is within ten days of England; for want of labour the mines and workshops cannot be adequately worked; and yet that very labour, so much wanted and so well paid, is—for want of proper arrangement—stalking about our streets, gaunt and tattered, a prey at once to starvation and sedition.

Probably many of my hearers have read a book, recently published, called the "Episodes of an Obscure Life." Do you remember the description of the night refuges in this city of London, crowded night after night with haggard men and women, whose days are spent in attempting to obtain that work, which, phantom-like, eludes their grasp? Do you remember the pictures of grown men gnawing the parish loaf

like dogs,—basking in the heat of the unwonted fire like brute animals,—the only instinct in their minds higher than those, being a hope that to-morrow may bring the work which they have not yet found? And those terrible pictures of the female wards, of the poor things once fair and country-bred, now hollow-cheeked and starved, hysterical with actual hunger, and whimpering like beaten children, if some unwonted word of kindness falls on their ears? And who shall wonder that the inevitable end of those poor girls, lured up to this Will o'the Wisp city, shall be worse than starvation, worse than death!

Oh! was ever such a ghastly farce played before heaven as our Parliament wasting months of labour and debate over questions of suffrage, and party, when our brothers and sisters, God's own creatures, are dying round us, body and soul, body and soul! In our own Empire in the West, there is need for every one of them, room for every man to earn his living, and every woman to learn what a *home* means: and yet they are kept here to starve.

In the beautiful valley of Annapolis, in Nova Scotia—perhaps the garden of Canada, and rendered classical by Longfellow, as the home of Evangeline, I found the want of labour so great that in some cases farmers had to give up their farms from inability to cultivate them. I asked

what wages a man would earn working on a farm, and was told, five shillings a day and his board. And one farmer told me that even when paying such wages as this, he was compelled to be content with a very short day's work indeed, as the labourer, if found fault with, simply walked away, knowing that he would be picked up at once on the next or any other farm. Hearing this, and remembering the painful pictures, which had so recently filled the columns of the press, of the Dorsetshire labourer, and others, how *could* one refrain from wishing that something could be done to bridge the Atlantic?—some arrangement come to between the Home and Colonial Governments by which the opening, presented to our starving poor by our Canadian Dominion, should first be thoroughly pointed out to them, and then brought within their reach? The United States never spare time nor money to acquire increase of population; their agents and advertisements crowd our railway stations and wharves, while our own provinces are left to blush unseen. In one port of Canada which I visited, I found that an agent of an American Company resided who boarded every emigrant ship as it arrived, and offered to pay the fare of anyone who chose to go to the United States, and ensure them at once remunerative work. With the offer of this bird in the hand, need I say that many go away

rather than hunt unassisted for the two in the bush? The province of Ontario, and to a small extent that of New Brunswick, alone do anything to advertise the advantages they have to offer: and it is not easy to say which makes an observant traveller the more impatient; the supineness of the other local governments, or the blindness of our own, in suffering thousands of our best children to seek an alien home, possibly to become our enemies, when so small an effort would divert the tide of emigration to the most loyal of our dependencies.

There is no class of labourer which is not greedily desired and highly paid in Canada. Masons were getting 12s. and 15s. a day, all over the Dominion; trained artisans of any sort could get 8s. to 12s.; common navvies on the railways could all get 4s. and 5s. a day; lumberers in the woods and on the rivers earn 4s. a day, winter and summer, and their keep; and the demand for these two last-named classes is constant and increasing. And, in fact, it is probable that to the construction of railways, Canada will be indebted for a speedy and great increase of population. Where labourers are so scarce, other means besides high wages have to be adopted to induce them to remain, because high wages are the rule, not over Canada merely, but over the whole Continent. It therefore becomes a serious thing for a man entering into

a contract, and one requiring much precaution, to ensure that his workmen shall remain until his contract is finished, and also that they shall not, by a strike for higher wages, spoil the calculations on which the estimate for the work had been based, and so ruin their employer. The system adopted in the construction of the Pacific Railway in the States, with this view, was to give the labourers on the line small grants of land near their work. The restlessness which frequently afflicts the immigrant, making him pine for other scenes, disappeared in the possession of a homestead and land of his own; and by this means an excellent class of colonists was obtained from Germany. For, you will observe, when a man thinks of emigrating, the first thing he desires is a bit of land on which he and his family can settle and make a home. But unless he has a little money in hand, or a guarantee of work during the first year or so, while his land is being brought into order, he will in all probability have a very rough time of it, and will be able to do little more than live. This, then, is ensured to him under the system I have mentioned, and the additional advantages are offered him of communication with markets for his produce, when the railroad is finished, and a rise in the value of his lot, from the mere fact of the railway's existence. The labourer, then, is a gainer by this system; the contractor is a

gainer, for he can make his estimates with confidence, having a hold over his men, in the fact of their residence; and the proprietors of the railway will be gainers, for the local traffic which these settlers along the line will yield will be considerable, and increase daily with the cultivation of their land.

The adoption of this system on the Canadian Pacific Railroad is peremptorily demanded. The Dominion Government is pledged by the terms of its union with British Columbia to make this line, and its own interest also demands it. But from what I saw and heard of strikes and ruined contractors in Canada, I am certain this great line will never be made in the ordinary contract way, even if men could be found so foolhardy as to undertake it. If I have made myself sufficiently clear in what I have already said, then you will agree with me, that the construction of this railway under the system I have described will be the grandest emigration scheme for Canada that can be devised.

This Pacific Railway scheme is a most powerful element in estimating the value of our Canadian Dominion to England. Not merely will it be valuable in bringing us nearer to our Indian possessions, but it may perhaps, some day be our only high road to them. Without actually being an alarmist, one cannot close one's eyes to the fact that many men

who are by no means fools, and who are entitled from long local experience to give an opinion, *do* fear Russian aggression in India. The cloud may be no bigger than a man's hand; the difficulties with which Russia would have to carry on a campaign at such a distance may seem so great as almost to be prohibitory, but experience tells us that diplomacy and bribes may alienate from us tribes that are now friendly, whose defection would simplify the Russian manoeuvres very much; and recent accounts from India show us that there is a great and increasing discontent which might be easily fomented into rebellion. It is not difficult to see that in event of such a war, the first, and for us the most fatal move, on the part of Russia, would be to close the only road we have to India by which troops could be carried in reasonable time. How the danger and difficulty will disappear on the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway, by which troops and stores could be conveyed through our own territory without let or hindrance! The connection between us and our colony,—valuable for commercial reasons to an extent which in my former lecture I trust I satisfactorily showed,—valuable as affording an outlet for our surplus population, where they will become rich and remain loyal,—rises thus into something which is almost identical with England's possible existence,

as anything better than a third-rate power. The hand which would strike at this connection, which would do anything to alienate our colonies, is the hand of a traitor to his country.

As I am not merely lecturing to-night on the advantages of maintaining our connection with Canada, although I confess *that* is my chief feeling and purpose, I must pause for a moment to lay before you some details to prove that our colony is not failing to show her desire to do her share of the duty which the connection entails. This is the more necessary from the language on this subject in which the English press is even now indulging. It is not many weeks since most of our newspapers published a tabular statement of the cost to *us*, in a military point of view, of our colonies. This statement did not refer to the year 1871, but to a time several years antecedent; and yet the editorial comment was always in the present tense. In no respect was the language more decided than in attributing to Canada the increased expense of our colonial garrisons. Yet, what was the truth? That during the year to which the statistics referred, the complete removal had not yet been effected of troops sent there in 1862 for purely imperial purposes, to strengthen our arguments in an imperial quarrel with the United States, and that at the very time the comments on these returns were being

penned, the last regiment was leaving Canada, and in only a few weeks it was known that not a penny was to be allowed from our imperial exchequer towards Canadian military expenditure. I say this advisedly, and with the full knowledge that even at this moment a force of artillery and infantry is quartered in Halifax, Nova Scotia. But why is it there? It is there, as is admitted in black and white by the imperial authorities themselves, for *no* colonial purpose, but for the protection of a dockyard which would be useful to our fleet in *any* war, with *any* power, and whose loss would almost be fatal. Do we charge the inhabitants of Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Chatham, with the cost of the maintenance of the garrisons which the existence of their respective dockyards renders necessary? Do we debit the inhabitants of long-suffering Woolwich with the large military force which the presence there of the Royal Arsenal renders not merely desirable, but inevitable?

And our Canadian dockyard of Halifax is to be treated in the same category. The thinker's mind must rise a little above selfish interests in these matters, and no more suspect the Canadians of personal motives from the existence in their territory of a special Imperial Garrison than we would accuse the Maltese of originating for private ends *their* disproportionate force, or the

villagers round Farnborough of having created the camp at Aldershot.

This is one reason why reference to the details of Canada in 1871, on which I am about to enter is necessary ; but there is another even stronger. A very recent allusion in one of our journals to the utter withdrawal of troops from Canada was made a text on which was preached an insulting homily on the duties of her self-defence. Now, I pray you listen to what I saw and found in Canada before this article was penned, an article which it is difficult to say would have been more guilty if penned in ignorance or in malice.

Personally, I have always *regretted* the withdrawal of the British troops. (1) Because the reasons assigned by our rulers for this step were calculated, unfortunately to mislead ; and (2) because the effect on the colonists was certain to be a depressing sense of abandonment which no Colonial Office logic could remove. But I must at the same time admit that there has been a certain amount of beneficial result. The feeling of dependence and helplessness which is almost instinctive in the very early days of a colony is increased by the Imperial expenditure which attends the presence in it of troops, or Government Officials. The advantage reaped from their presence by the trading part of the community is accompanied by such a dread of

what would happen if they left, as almost to paralyse their natural enterprise, and to create a school, the worst in which a young community can be trained.

Now, the removal of the troops from Canada, while undoubtedly wounding the sensibilities of the colonists and exciting the hopes of their republican neighbours, has at the same time compelled the Canadians to look matters in the face, and learn to trust to themselves. And as there is not so much time for *talk* there, as we seem to require, instead of playing a game of military battledore and shuttlecock such as we played last Session, in which political parties were the battledores, and an unhappy army the shuttlecock, the Canadians set to work, arranged their militia with as little red-tape to strangle it as possible, placed it under a minister of the Crown with a professional adviser, and left it to future experience instead of *a priori* reasoning to detect any blunders which might have been committed.

What did I find was the result already? In camps all along the frontier, arranged so as to suit the localization of the various regiments, I found that annually no less than 42,000 men were trained for 16 to 18 days, under strict discipline, and with due representation of the three arms. I found that not a man was allowed a commission in any regiment

unless he had qualified in one of the many military schools of the province; and that the number of men so qualified far exceeded the appointments at the disposal of the Government. I was informed by disinterested officers who had examined the candidates that their proficiency was of the highest order; and I saw myself that the physique of the men was as good, as their devotion to duty and instruction was beyond all praise. While we in England were making ourselves miserable about a camp of 40,000 men; rendering night hideous in the House of Commons with our presentiments, and clubs uninhabitable from incessant talking on one subject, in Canada we find it tried without talk, and behold! "Solvitur ambulando."

It may be said that an army of 40,000 men would be but a mouthful to the Americans, but let us remember that these men are changing annually, and those who leave, return into civil life, trained, and ready again for service in case of real war; and further that the number is ample for the police duties which our Fenian legacy to our children has rendered spasmodically necessary.

Better still, let us remember that the question is not as yet one of *numbers* in an army; it is of having an army at all. The same brave national spirit which so unexpectedly, so readily exhibited itself, grows stronger and nobler day

by day in the possession of its self-made weapon. And this army, if even only 40,000 strong is a historical finger-post; it has taught the United States that the future which Canada has pictured for herself is not that which they so fondly dreamed and loudly boasted, but connection with England, while England wills it, and independence, should separation be inevitable. Gentlemen, the lesson has been taught and learnt; I rarely heard a word in the States this time, as so often I did of old, of *annexation*; the hope of seeing British rule off the Continent is as strong as ever, but the realisation is looked for by even the sanguine, merely in the *independence* of the Canadas, not in their absorption.

And at a camp at Niagara, where 5,000 men of a Canadian army (whose sole *raison d'être* is a protest against annexation) were seen by invitation by the United States officers from a neighbouring garrison, there must have been some such feeling present in their minds as attends the knowledge of an unwelcome truth, the dispersion of some cherished illusions.

And *this* is the country which our press dares to lecture on self-defence; a country whose danger being in its connection with *us* would alone, one would imagine, make *us* dumb; a country whose armed force, if it ever takes the field in real war, which God forbid, will do it not as the army of Canada, but as the advanced

posts of our own army, the army of the Empire in the West.

The withdrawal of our troops necessitated the transfer to the Canadian Government of all forts, barracks, and magazines; and this transfer involved the necessity on the part of the Canadians of some small standing force for the protection of their new property. The arrangements they have made are excellent. The force decided upon consists of two batteries of artillery, whose head-quarters are respectively at Kingston and Quebec, with detachments at various other places. The two cities I have named are also made the seats of Schools of Gunnery for the Militia, each under the command of talented officers of the Royal Artillery, paid by the Canadian Government. All the Militia Artillery Corps send non-commissioned officers and men through courses of instruction at these schools, who will be able on their return to their regiment to instruct their comrades. Any man who enlists in the small standing army for a year is also compelled to enrol himself for three years more in the Militia. By this precaution, the time and money spent during the year's training of the soldier are not lost when he quits the ranks, but bear interest for years after in the benefit done to the militia by the leavening of their ranks with this specially trained class of men. The rates of pay which have

been decided upon for the various ranks are, of course, higher than in our army, just as the wages of civil labour in Canada exceed those with us. And the rations of food, &c., are in addition to the pay of the men; not as in our complicated way, given to them with one hand, and deducted from them by stoppages from their pay with the other, an ingenious system which must have been invented with an eye to the maintenance of an army of clerks.

A standing army, however small, is always to be deprecated in a young country, where labourers are too scarce and valuable, to be removed from the great battle of life, to prepare for another species of warfare. But as *our* trade, and *our* Indian possessions render a standing army necessary for *us*, so the fortifications which have been suddenly handed over to the Canadians, rendering some sort of military police requisite, coupled with the fact that the science of artillery is not to be acquired by annual fortnightly trainings, but only by close and continued study,—have made a small permanent military force necessary in our Empire in the West. This necessity once recognised and admitted, the arrangements made in the colony inspire one with the warmest admiration; and we may in this as in many other respects learn a great deal from our children.

There is generally in every country some city

—not the metropolis—which singles itself out as the leader in all political or intellectual movement; of the latter, Edinburgh was an example in Great Britain early in this century; or the former, Manchester was a type at the time of the Corn Law movements. In Canada, the lead at present is being taken, and nobly, by Toronto. And it is not a lead in which popular cry is valued irrespective of political ballast; such a cry as is not unfamiliar to our long-suffering ears at home. The “Young Canada” party which is forming has associated its birth with the reproduction of the history of “Old Canada,” as a spur to the young men on whom the future welfare of Canada depends. And what a noble history! It is a country whose loyalty has been tried alike by invasion abroad, and by neglect from us at home; a country which, if war and suffering make a nation old, should be wrinkled and grey; whose fields have been the fighting ground of France, America, and England, so long, that the antiquarian has begun to burrow in them, and the novelist can venture on wild fiction without dread of detection; a country whose history can indeed inspire its youth to work for it, and fill its old men’s hearts with proud and happy memories.

But the tracing of these chapters is only a step in the journey which the energy of Toronto is mapping out. It is the christening gift to a

babe whose growth under God they mean to ensure. It is a grand thing to see the faith in a country's future which is to be seen in that city; for true faith begets genuine work; and no prophet is needed to tell the future of such a land. And when the government of a country is not left, as in our colonies it often is, to hired politicians alone, but is watched and strengthened by the hands of young men whose inexperience may be great, but whose energies are strong; so strong that they are better than the wisdom of old political hacks who often confound the interests of countries and cabinets; then, then indeed, we see on the horizon a perpetual sun, and find in the people's heart an ever strengthening pulse. Nor are these men mere dreamers. Their patriotic work is done in the intervals of professional labour; their helping hands go not to build castles in the air, but to make roads and railways, to people by immigration their new districts in the West, to foster trade, and to spread education and to train themselves and others to arms. And such men are all the more necessary. Because the existence in our colonies of representative government has had one undoubted disadvantage; it has created a class of professional politicians to whom place is everything, including daily bread. The *ratting*, the toadying of voters, the pandering to wrong commercial and evil

social ideas, in order to retain power, are indeed not quite unknown in the history of our own country, where place may gratify ambition, but certainly does not fill the purse; but in our colonies it is found to a painful extent, and leads to that which is most hurtful to a country, the contempt of their rulers by the governed. A curious good is, however, being witnessed in Canada, springing from this very evil, which it may interest you to hear. As you know, the Dominion House of Commons contains representatives from the French province of Quebec, which may be called selfishly Conservative, the English-speaking province of Ontario which is loyally progressive, and the maritime provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which for special reasons at present neutralize one another's representatives by voting generally in different lobbies. The French members vote as one man, and are much under the influence of the Church to which they belong. For this reason they are much courted by the present Canadian executive which, in fact, owes its existence to their support.

Now the recent addition of the great North Western territory offered a chance to the Ontario men of swelling the number of sympathetic representatives. It will be within your recollection that the union with that territory

was delayed by a rebellion among the French half-breeds who occupied the Red River settlements. The lukewarmness on the part of the Canadian Government to use force in suppressing the rebellion, and their omission to punish the murderers of young Scott, an Ontario man, who fell into their power, were entirely owing to the pressure of their French supporters, whose sympathies were to a great extent with their rebel countrymen. The fitting out of General Wolseley's expedition, ordered in deference to public opinion among the English-speaking colonists, was delayed by the many official means which a government possesses, in the hope that the rebellion might be overcome by the smoother influences of diplomacy. And had not Sir Garnet Wolseley been a man in a thousand, whose energy and influence over his troops were marvellous, it was, I was told in Toronto, deliberately arranged that the new and talented Governor Archibald, should arrive by a different route through the United States, and succeed by velvet words ere the ruder remedy of bayonets should have a trial. The troops, however, beat the diplomatists by a neck, and Sir Garnet in all innocence, thinking he was making an agreeable report, announced without loss of time, the disappearance of the gentry denominated by him "French Banditti," a name never forgotten by the Quebec people, and

which the government has found it somewhat difficult to soften, or explain away.

But the end was not yet. Diplomacy which had failed in negotiating the conquest of the territory, might yet secure the monopoly of its representation in the Dominion House of Commons. But representation implies population, and that was as yet but limited, so that temptations must be devised to allure immigrants as well as to retain the disaffected on their settlements. Both French and English parties in politics have, therefore, been at work peopling the hundred acre free grants with an eye to future political gain, rather than the immediate benefit of the Northwest Territory. But the latter result went *pari passu*, and the energy of the Ontario men whose sons are going to the new district in scores, and many of whom left the Regiments of Militia in which they served during the expedition, in order to remain as settlers, has ensured already a numerous staff of colonists of the best and most desirable description, and the future of this part of the Dominion has from mere political and party motives, such as could only exist under such a form of government as our colonies possess, become bright and certain. And as I have already hinted in my allusions to the proposed Pacific Railway, it is very important that this part of the Dominion should be settled without delay, to

ensure traffic to the line, and make it remunerative at as early a date as possible.

Railway investments in Canada are no longer likely to be looked at with disfavour. The traffic on the Grand Trunk Line has increased during the past few months, at the rate of thousands a week. The Great Western Railway of Canada, an admirably managed line, and thoroughly built and equipped, has secured a daily increasing traffic from the Western States *via* Detroit and Niagara Suspension Bridge, and runs the best and fastest trains on the continent; from Toronto two narrow-gauge lines were opened during my stay in the country, whose success already has justified their promotion by individuals whose sanguine disposition was pooh-poohed by many, but is the very thing which builds up a colony.

But there is something about *Government* assisted railways, which makes the investor of spare funds shy. They are generally well built, well planned, on the whole well served, but in a slow Conservative way which makes the passenger feel his insignificance, and does not condescend to such a thing as an express train, while a dividend is the last thing they think of paying. Away on the horizon, behind a crowded foreground of debentures, preference shares A, B, C, floating debts, working expenses, &c., a faint star may be seen to twinkle, unmistakeable to the initiated, alluring to the man who can buy

an ordinary £100 share for twopence. It is the prospective dividend never to be realised for the *ordinary* shareholder.

I fear much that the last Government Railway in Canada, the great Intercolonial Line, to which England gave her guarantee, is to prove no exception. It is a splendidly built line; I took much trouble both in enquiry and examination, but I doubt if it will ever pay. It so happened that military reasons, coupled with the wishes of the French party whose towns and villages, on the South St. Lawrence, it benefitted, coincided in recommending a particular route. It was, and is, a circuitous route; away from the United States frontier for reasons which I hope war may never practically demonstrate. But reasons of ultimate policy will never reconcile a man to travelling a hundred miles out of his way, and already a *direct* line, built by private enterprise, is talked of, along the valley of the St. John, by Lake Temiscouata, to join the Grand Trunk Railway at Rivière du Loup. I say, talked of, but I am wrong; it is as certain as anything can be which is not begun. Should war arise, the line would simply be useless, and the rails torn up by the enemy; but in time of peace it would monopolize the traffic. And people always believe in peace, even when they dread war.

The result of such a line will be to make

the Intercolonial depend upon *local* instead of *through* traffic. Local traffic, in the provinces of Nova Scotia and Quebec, it will certainly have; in the part of New Brunswick through which it will pass, it will *not*.

The result is easily foreseen: the line for years will not pay, and will become a drag on the finances of the country. Now, in my humble opinion, the duty, in such a case, of Canadian statesmen is to prepare the people for such a result. Let them see clearly that the value of such a line is to be found in its military worth, not in its commercial return; otherwise, the shock will be too great, and as in this country there are men who during peace would fain abolish the army and navy, forgetting that war may come, particularly in this warlike century; so in Canada there will be found men to go to the country with the popular cry of retrenchment, one of whose texts will be to part with a railway which, if war ever came, would be cheap even if its rails were made of gold. In a lecture where one's duty is merely to reflect as a mirror the scenes and opinions I found in Canada in 1871, I hesitate to intrude my own views; but at the risk of egotism, I must urge that the route of the rival to the Intercolonial, the very route I travelled this month of January ten years ago, when war was on the cards, would simply have been impossible, impassable,

ruinous, had war really been declared. It was a beautiful well-ordered march which our army at that time made ; but Canadians must never forget that it was not war. By all means, make the rival line, nothing is better for a colony than the opening of new roads ; the railway makes settlements, which cluster speedily along the whole length ; communication between the Upper and Lower Provinces, in fact between Canada and the Atlantic, cannot be too rapid, too thorough ; and of all the beautiful districts through which a traveller can pass, none can surpass this route. When I first passed over it ten years ago, it was winter ; the river was in an iron grip of ice ; the road had to be cleared by snow-ploughs, and the march beginning every day in a dark gloomy morning had not lasted many hours before it was dark again. But, the other day, when I traversed it in 1871, it was in the most brilliant month of all the American year, and that September drive will live in my memory for ever. We took the river steamer from Fredericton, a point about eighty miles up the River St. John, which we had reached overnight by rail, and where we had spent a short and restless night. Restless, I repeat solemnly ; for on our arrival we had rashly ordered supper, and nature took its revenge in the form of nightmare. It was not the only time we suffered in this way in America ; of food there was always

abundance, but the cookery was too often poor and deadly. At five a.m. we met for a hurried breakfast. with faces pale and livid, and appetites which would not face a meal, the fac-simile of our supper the night before. And then we adjourned to the river; the sun was well up; our steamer, flat-bottomed and with a paddle-wheel behind, wheelbarrow-fashion, was snorting at the wharf; wild duck were flying over the river, and we sat down pensively and silently on the deck. But ere the clock struck six, there was agitation on the horizon. Every vehicle the village contained made its appearance, the dress of their occupants was festive, and bye and bye as they were scattered on the wharf, it was evident that their attention was concentrated on two of their number. These had been married that morning—have pity upon the clergyman who had to rise at such an hour!—and were starting for their future home, in a settlement some forty miles up the river. Beside the sufferings of the bridegroom on that occasion, our nightmare faded into nothingness. The day was hot; the sun scorching us as we sat on deck; but there sat the “happy” man, clad in shiny black broadcloth, in a hat more shiny still, which left a red ring on his ingenuous brow, and with Wellington boots of the most pitiless description. They both wore lavender gloves, and never took them off once

during the whole voyage. The newly-tied link made them, indeed, sit side by side; but shyness made them sit back to back, and so they sat for forty miles—their hearts full, it may be, but speechless. When the steamer wished to land a passenger, it simply, being flat-bottomed, ran ashore, threw a gangway over the bows, and after fulfilling its purpose, backed out again into the river. The hour arrived for landing the happy pair; an hour heralded by increased blushes and shyness on the part of the swain, but not noticeable on the fair bride's demeanour. As they landed, a heavy amount of luggage and furniture was thrown on the bank, everything which a settler could possibly require.

A stout elderly woman, in black, who had distinguished herself at the twelve o'clock dinner, and whose face still shone from the conquest she had made over an extra charge of boiled beef and cabbage, remarked here to me "Ah! it is easy to see she has been married before." And so she had. She had been a widow some three years; and the careful provisions for future domestic comfort were due to her experience with the dear departed.

Twenty miles more, of beautiful scenery, brought us to Woodstock, where we commenced a drive of four days to Rivière du Loup. Occasionally it is possible for the steamers to ascend the river a good deal higher, after the

rains, but we were unable to continue that easier and more pleasant mode of travelling. So over rough and dangerous roads, winding for many miles by the beautiful St. John, and afterwards skirting the shores of the magnificent lake which I have mentioned, for four days, with the same horses, driving an average of fifty miles a day, we reached the Rivière du Loup terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway. The farms we passed were splendid; the hundreds and thousands of acres of buckwheat, Indian corn, oats, and hay gave us some idea of the richness of the soil; and the farmers told us that the readiest possible market for their produce was to be found in the adjoining towns of the United States. May that war, so often dreaded, never come! for this beautiful garden through which we journeyed would be the first district through which would be carried the terrible message of Fire and Sword!

I have said already that the communication by rail between all parts of the Canadian Dominion cannot be too frequent and thorough. For purposes of trade, especially, is this the case. As you all know, the confederation of the various colonies abolished intercolonial duties, and gave a favoured market in the family group for the produce of each state. When I was in Toronto, I heard that the recent union of the Dominion with British Columbia had

already begun to work, although the transport of goods had to be carried on through the States. These goods, travelling in bond, entered British Columbia free of duty, as going from one part of the Dominion to another. Now, the Dominion of course, for purposes of revenue, taxes goods from other countries,—*ergo*,—goods made in New York pay a duty in entering British Columbia. What was the result? While I was on Toronto, orders for goods amounting to thousands of pounds had already arrived, and this other great market had been opened for the Dominion. I have been talking of manufactured goods, but when the Pacific Railway through Canada is completed, there will also be a market for agricultural produce, such as is at present supplied by the States to British Columbia. I am not quite certain whether any duty is at present levied in the Dominion of Canada on grain. I should certainly imagine not: it would be like levying duty on coals imported at Newcastle; the one article would be as likely to be imported as the other. But British Columbia, the last member who has joined the Dominion, does import grain. Hitherto, it has done so from the States; as soon as the Pacific Railway is built, it will do so from Canada.

But, you will naturally ask, if there are no discriminating duties on grain, why should the British Columbian leave his old and tried

market for sentiment? Lord Milton and General Wolseley give us the answer. The former points out that the only coal mines on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are on British territory, therefore the Canadian railways and steamers can carry goods at less freights than the American. And the latter, at a speech made at Montreal on his return from the Red River Expedition, said that the new Canadian territory which he had just visited might become the granary of Europe. The soil is admirable; the climate all that could be desired; and the presence of forest gives it an immense superiority over those rolling prairies of the Western States, which attract so many of our emigrants.

The line which this Pacific Railway shall take is under consideration, and, indeed, it deserves much serious thought on the part of Canadian statesmen. The position of Ottawa, the metropolis of the Dominion, would almost demand the northern route, north of Lake Nipissing; and the distance from the United States frontier is another argument in favour of this line. I do not imagine that Montreal, that city of palaces, that ornament of the American Continent, would object to this route. Connection by rail already exists between it and Ottawa, as far as an Island can have railway communication; and steamers travel daily between the two cities. Nor would Quebec object;

her connection in the timber-trade with Ottawa is considerable. But Toronto dreads being left out in the cold; and although a recent railway which it has opened is called the "Toronto and Nipissing" Railway, it is very far from reaching Lake Nipissing.

Whichever route is chosen, must be beneficial to the Dominion. For Montreal with its 107,000 inhabitants, or Toronto with its 75,000 are not likely to allow themselves to be put aside. Additional railroad communication must, therefore, ensue; more arteries to carry life into the body of this beautiful and healthy country, this land of health and freedom, which is hungering for men to come and till it, to come and study its scenery, to come and enjoy its sport.

This land, I say, of health and freedom, this land where no man's body need hunger, and no man's imagination starve; for as there is food for the one, so is there beauty for the contemplation of the other. When I think what prices men pay for sport in England, a taste so manly and health-giving, that I trust it will never die out; and when at the same time I remember so many pictures in Canada of *real* sport, *real* healthy life, at a small cost, and an abundant reward, I feel, with pain, my inability to paint them with sufficient power.

It was only the other day, in 1871, that in a little more than a week after leaving Eng-

land I landed at Halifax, in our Canadian Dominion. I saw first a busy city, with trade crowding its wharves, and filling its sails, and leaving in its tracks an ever-rising crowd of happy homes; and then in but an hour or two—after less than a score of miles journeying—what was I able to see? I found myself by a great spreading lake in whose bosom the moon was mirroring herself; whose shores were fringed by noble trees and tangled bush; where fish abounded, and wildfowl swam; and where an altar seemed built to the twin goddesses of Nature and Silence.

There were five of us; we sat round the great fire of logs we had made, whose light spread out on the water like a tide of blood, and up into the branches above us, painting them as the sun might have touched the trees in Bethlehem on the day when hope came into the world.

Every now and then a wail came over the water; it was the melancholy loon, the bird which is the priestess of solitude, so rare to see, rarer still to secure; whose note touches on the heart, with a weird-like sorrow. And whether we be one, or five, or a score, the silence of nature finds a counterpart in our own.

Of our number, three had never spent a night in an American forest before; yet high as they had tuned their expectations, they had failed to

realize the life of which they then caught a glimpse. As smoke curled upwards from their pensive lips, the faces that watched the trout frying for supper were grave as if contemplating the downfall of dynasties; the cry of a wild cat, the fall of a tree away in the great darkness, even the rustle in the branches above them of some bird whose wits were bothered by the fire's unaccustomed blaze,—all these sounds were mysterious and delightful, like poetry without words.

And all this is within a few days of every one here; these new and exquisite sensations are to be enjoyed by any one at a cost and a trouble as small as the recompense is certain and abundant.

I remember, when we lay down to sleep,—we had a rude sort of wigwam, open at the top, with the grand fire blazing at the door—we stretched ourselves, all tired as we were, on the green spruce branches which formed our bed, with a sense of luxury to which a feather bed sleeper is a stranger. Covered each with a skin—in fantastic attitudes as the fire winked at us, we lay listening—if I may so speak—to the silence around us. And first one carried his waking vision into dreamland, and then another, and yet another, and but two were left.

I *must* tell the truth. One of our number had seen many summers, and long civilization

had somewhat unfitted him for his natural existence. The moon might shimmer on the lake; the darkness might hem us in like a garment; the lazy logs might tumble off the fire, giving utterance to sleepy expletives in sparks; his comrades even might raise to heaven their monotone of slumbering joy; but to *him* sleep was a stranger. The spruce boughs preyed upon his peace; their hard ends and angles felt for the vulnerable parts of his body, and found them; his buffalo skin was first too long, and then too short, and generally as he tossed, it was also too narrow, and he pined for the day. About the hour "when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead," the early-closing loon had packed up its voice and gone home; and our sleepless comrade had gone on duty. A duty which he right nobly performed; for his groans were more impressive than the wailings of the bird; they were also more frequent, and they were certainly sincere. Tossing about, with the skin first under him, then over him; the branches bristling more painfully every time; hungering—not waiting—for the day, our comrade kept awake. The bird whose flight was highest next morning in the heavens did not see the sun so soon as he; and long before that luminary was due, he wearily told us it was day. We got up, we used a Briton's privilege and grumbled; we coaxed the drowsy logs; we soon made breakfast

simmer; and a wash in the cool lake made us more cheery; but not until the strong sun, climbing over the tree tops, beat down on the lake, and made it blush and smile, did we feel quite free from a sense of grievance. *Then* we looked at our early riser with equanimity; then we saw through the smoke of his cigar the lines disappear from his weary face, and from his mind the memories vanish of his restless night, like the recollections of injuries, when they who have done them are dead. And, although we who were more fortunate, and slept, might be thought to look back upon this night in a more placid frame of mind than *he*, the sleepless one, yet I can assure you that so intoxicating is the charm of this life in the woods, which every man who goes to Canada may enjoy without let or hindrance, that if volunteers were called for to spend a year of such a life, I believe the sleepless one would be the first to sign his name.

But to return to more practical matters. I am attempting to describe a British colony, and one which I hope will remain so. Now, the Union Jack is not more necessary to a Briton than his grumble. The question immediately arises, "Do Canadians ever grumble?" And I am glad to say that in this respect they are quite British.

When a man gets rich in a new country, he expects—at all events his wife does—that he will be able to get for his money all that can be got

in an old country. He finds he is mistaken. He cannot always get servants. And failing to get what what he wishes, he invents, with the energy of an Englishman, the most inaccurate reasons to account for it.

I commenced my enquiries on this head, in Nova Scotia, where I first landed. "There are no servants here," I was told, "every one is going to the States. There is only one cook in the Province, and we have to ascertain the days on which she is disengaged, before we can ask our friends to dinner." My experience proved that my informants took too gloomy a view of matters; I dined well and often; nor did I find the dinners so stereotyped as would have been the case had only one artist been present. But the census which was taken a few weeks after proved that my informants' forebodings, were, indeed, unnecessary. It showed, in this Province from which the people were supposed to be flying, an increase of 17 per cent. in the population during ten years.

I went on to New Brunswick. The faces of my informants here were long also. Their tales of discomfort made me shudder. What did I find? I found the best hotel I have met with at any time in America, and I have been there often. I remonstrated with the grumblers. "Ah!" said they, "that hotel imported all its servants, negroes, from the United States." "And why not?" was my natural reply.

I went on to Montreal, the same grumble; to Ottawa, to Toronto, still the same; every decent servant leaving for the States. And yet the census tells me that in spite of the withdrawal of the troops the population of the Upper Provinces has increased over 12 per cent. in ten years.

At last, I reached the States themselves. To my amazement I heard the same complaints. "All our best servants go to the West to settle. If it were not for the Irish, and the negroes, we could not live." "But," said I, "I was told in Canada that all the servants came *here* for high wages." "Many do," was the answer, "but they soon find out that the expenses here are also in proportion. So they either go West, or (if their pride will allow them) they return to Canada. And, at this moment, as an argument on the other side, 75,000 natives of the United States are earning their bread in the Canadian Dominion."

The fact, which explains all this, is, that where people can earn their bread *other* than by menial labour, they will do so; and the difficulty in this as in other departments of industry in a *new* country is want of population. Now, *our* work-houses and orphan asylums are crowded with the very class to supply this domestic want. Miss Rye has found this out; but her efforts are but a drop in the sea of Canadian demand. I cannot more clearly show my meaning in this lecture

than by saying that every unemployed man, woman, and child in England, between ten and fifty years of age, could be absorbed at once and with ease.

The truth, then, which the desponding settler, and the hasty traveller must never overlook, is, that the real cause of difficulty in obtaining servants is the demand for labour of a more independent, and therefore more popular description. Of course, it is unpleasant to be rich and yet not get the benefit which riches generally bring; but the penalty attached to easily or rapidly got wealth in a new country is the inability among other things to get flesh and blood to do menial service if any other happy and independent mode of livelihood is at hand. That this state of affairs is easily remedied I am certain; but only in the way in which most colonial ills are to be cured, immigration. The increased population reproduces less faintly every day the old country conditions; and therefore the old country advantages (where such existed), reappear in the new.

And, as we in this country are crowded to such an extent as to find a million paupers a natural thing, it does, as I have already said, seem astounding that the question of emigration, as a cure for our evils, which in the form of immigration becomes a cure for colonial wants, does not attract the attention of our statesmen.

Do we realise that the immense number of unemployed and of underpaid men in this country is producing an increasing discontent, and alienation of class from class? The recent display of national loyalty proves that politically, and nationally, the heart of the people is sound; but clergymen and physicians, who have peculiar opportunities of penetrating into all grades of society, assure us that the breach between the rich and the poor, in a social point of view, is now almost complete. If we could but for a moment realize what this means, nothing would stop us until we had diminished to the utmost of our power the number of the unemployed. And the great evil which is shackling our trade, trades unions, really springs from the same cause. While the number of candidates for work exceeded the demand, employers gave inadequate wages. In self-defence, combinations were formed among the working men, who soon learned the power they could thus wield; and just as soon abused it. So now the breach between employers and employed is complete; and the favourite cry of the agitator has become one for war between Labour and Capital.

What then is the lesson to be drawn from the study of England and of Canada in 1871?

Surely, friends, it is *this*: That the Empire should be one not merely in name, but in reality: that the fulness of one part should

remedy the emptiness of another; the advantages of one atone for the drawbacks of the other.

Both in Canada and in Australia, we have had instances of men, whom discontent in the old country had driven into rebellion, becoming the best and most influential among Her Majesty's loyal subjects. Why can we not now by bringing our colonies nearer England—do not let us talk of driving our surplus population *out of* England—why can we not remedy the evils which irritate our ill-taught multitudes, by offering them the good things these rich—almost unpeopled—lands possess? To such as demand an unendowed and unprivileged Church, let us show those regions of the Empire where State Churches are unknown. It can only be equality they seek; if it be an unreasoning hunger to steal from a Church endowments which were founded by the self-denial of former votaries, then let no encouragement be given to their morbid fancies.

If it be land they wish, there, within a few days of our shores is land to be had for the asking, rich land, freehold, and in abundance. It cannot be that they will not be satisfied save with particular acres, whose charm is that they belong to another! Surely our working classes have not become like Ahab, sick, because they cannot get Naboth's vineyard. If they are, then let

no encouragement be given to their morbid fancies.

England is no longer bound by the seas which chafe her coasts. The working man must be taught to raise his eyes above the little pool which his teachers love to stir, and call the sea. He must learn that in the many fields our Colonies offer him, he has far better prospects of success than those had in England at whose property—the result in most cases of industry and self-denial—demagogues incite him to rage. Above all, he must remember that if England is a great country, it is as an Empire, not as a crowded Island.

When this is done, the great social difficulty will disappear. Our rulers must learn that the hive is ready to swarm; and if they would have honey in proportion to the number of bees, it will not be by stopping the hive,—it will be by encouraging and providing for the swarms.

Steam and enterprise have practically abolished space; the emigrant is no longer an exile; and the sooner we teach this by encouraging the most friendly relations with our Colonies,—a thing quite compatible with their self-government,—why so much the better for the Empire,—ten thousand times the better for our Island!

It is for you, ladies and gentlemen! to say

whether such a picture is Utopian:—and whether he who pictures it is merely a dreamer of dreams.

THE END.



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